

BOING! THE GAME-----DOCS

Password protected...do not change this doc....typos most probably in the original manual....

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MANUAL PROTECTION

Boing! The game uses manual copy protection. You will be asked to enter a word from the manual before the game will start. You will be given a page number, a paragraph number, and a word number for the required word to enter.

When counting paragraphs and words ignore headings and chapter numbers. Omit all punctuation when entering the word. Enter alphabetic characters only.

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The Saga of Seymour Greene

Once upon a time there was a group of investors who wanted to make the world's best beach ball. But they couldn't afford the high-tech equipment or engineers. So they started out selling beach towels.

The beach towels sold well. Finally, the investors saved enough money to buy fancy equipment and hire some engineers. One of these engineers was Seymour Greene. Anxious to design the world's best beach ball, Seymour and the other engineers immediately set out in their efforts. Everyone worked hard, putting in long hours to create the world's best beach ball.

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They knew that their beach ball would sell millions because the competition was not great. There were only three other companies making beach balls. International Beach Ball Manufacturers was one of them. IBBM was by far the biggest beach ball company. But all their balls were blue. And they thought that all beach balls should be blue and cost a lot.

AppBall was another company with expensive balls. They did have the biggest balls. But their balls were only available in black and white.

Cute Beach Ball Manufacturers also sold beach balls. CBBM had a nice beach ball that was inexpensive and even came in many colors. But because their beach balls were so cheap, the serious beach goers thought they were just toys. Besides that, the company was run by Mr. Evil.

Then the engineers did it! Their beach ball was completed. It was by far the best beach ball in the world. It was reasonably priced, allowed you to use several of them at the same time, and came in a flashy red-and-white checkered design.

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The beach ball was a true work of art. They named it the Boing! Ball.

But then the investors ran out of money. They couldn't advertise their new Boing! Ball because they were broke. Bankruptcy was just around the corner. The investors had to do something fast!

They panicked and sold their company to CBBM and Mr. Evil. It was a sad day. All the engineers were angered because the new company didn't want to keep them. They didn't even want to keep Seymour, but they did.

Soon people realized that Mr. Evil wasn't the right man to run CBBM, and so they fired him. Mr. Evil was persistent though. He bought another company who thought they were in the beach ball business but, in actuality, made woofle balls.

This didn't help CBBM much though. They themselves didn't have much money to advertise the new Boing! Ball because they had spent so much acquiring the small company. Some Boing! Balls sold. The people who bought them loved them. They told their friends. They brought their Boing! Balls to the beach and showed others that there really was a good beach ball they could buy. People couldn't believe how easy the Boing! ball was to use. Some people couldn't understand why it wasn't blue and expensive, or why it wasn't black and white. They just didn't understand.

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CBBM had problems convincing people that their Boing! Ball was the best. They seemed to muff things up a lot. People who owned the Boing! Ball were frustrated with CBBM. They wanted everyone to know about this marvelous new beach ball. Years passed and CBBM tried to sell the Boing! Ball. They didn't do well. They even made some improvements to it,

although some of the improvements weren't as good
as the people expected.

Seymour had many ideas, but nobody at CBBM
would listen. You see, the other beach ball companies
soon realized that the Boing! ball was the world's best
beach ball, and they started to copy it. Soon the
Boing! Ball would be surrounded by imitattions.

Then one day He
arrived. He promised
much, but so did his
predecessors. He was
charming and motivating,
as a prince should be.
Prince Nickleman
advertised the Boing! Ball.
He hired and he fired. He
reorganized. He knew it
was important to convince
the serious beach goers
that the Boing! Ball was
better than the rest.

No one knows how
the story will end. Prince

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Nickleman is trying. Some people think that
Prince Nickleman could do much better if old
King Irvine would retire. King Irvine has been at
CBBM forever and it seems he may be
clogging up the pipes a bit. We would like to
say that they all lived happily ever after. But we
will just have to wait and see.

Meanwhile, Seymour has become
disillusioned with his job, often slipping into
daydreams filled with evil green Boing! Balls
that would like to have him for a snack. Help
Seymour escape from his imaginary
underground
cave system so
he can snap out
of his daydream
and return to
work. He's
already been
warned about
his daydreaming
and this time
he's sure to be
fired. Keep
Seymour from
getting canned.
Who knows, he
might replace
King Irvine

someday and
save CBBM.

THE END

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF
SEYMOUR GREENE

The alarm went off. Gradually, portions of Seymour's brain realized this. He opened his eyes and eventually made out the numbers on the clock. They said "7:00". It seemed as if he'd only gotten to sleep an hour before. In fact, he had

Seymour Greene had been practicing all night long. He played bass for a small band with big aspirations. Though they had not actually produced an album or even played for an audience larger than their neighborhood, they looked forward to the big time. For instance, it had already been decided that they would not only smash their guitars after each concert, but they would shoot the backup singers and set fire to the auditorium as well.

It was only after pondering his bladder pressure that Seymour remembered that today was his first day

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on the job with Cute Beach Balls, or Beach Balls 'R' Us, or whatever it was they called themselves; he couldn't remember.

Seymour rolled out of bed and trod over to his desk. There he found the remains of a Twinkie and a cold cup of coffee that had been there for as long as he could remember. Ignoring the sweatsock steeped in it, he took a swig and downed the Twinkie.

Not much refreshed, Seymour then stumbled into his bathroom and started a nice, steaming shower, which awakened him enough to realize his pajamas were still on.

Later, as he dressed,

something bothered him. "Is it that this is the last job I could possibly get, and I'd better not blow it?" he wondered.

"No, no. Is it that I've got a hangover so hungover that I'd rather die now than avoid the rush?"

"No, that's only part of it." It was like a high-pitched squeal that made his head hurt.

He paused to comb his remaining hair. "Oh, right. That's it."

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Seymour turned off his alarm clock and went to the living room.

He peered ou through the fornt window shade. It was the knid of warm, beautiful, sunlit day that uplifts everyone. Seymour only noticed that the neighbor's dog had pooped on his lawn again.

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This page for doodles.

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II.

By education, Seymour was a plastics engineer. He attended the Pompous School of Technical Design, where he majored in Polymer Engineering. In grad school he invented those little lids that prevent one from spilling hot beverages. Their only drawback is that they don't let any of the actual beverage reach the mouth

On the way to work, he stopped by a convience store for gas. he also bought an Extra-Large Gulp of their patented 781 degree coffee, which he spilled in his lap only two blocks away. He invented several new words in the process.

He pulled into a parking lot and stopped the car. Seymour had a patented technique for taking up almost seven parking spots with one car. Normally done to protect

expensive
foreign cars,
Seymour had an
even better
reason; he drove
a Pinto.

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He checked his watch and was unpleasantly surprised to find that it read "8:04". He dashed madly into the building and up to the receptionist.

"Where is Research and Development?"

"Left around that corner, down the hall, third floor, door to your right."

Seymour was already in motion before she completed her sentence. He went left around the corner, down the hall, third door, which read "Men".

"Couldn't be right," he thought. He retraced his steps. After several more tries, he gave up and wandered dejectedly around, totally lost.

A man walked by wearing an official-looking badge.

"Err..can I help you?" he asked.

"Yah," Seymour said, taking a bit of paper from his pocket. "I'm looking for a...Dr.... Bolchetzky." He looked up.

The man wagged his badge at Seymour. It read "Dr. R.M.S. Bolchetzky". "That's me. And you're...?"

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"Greene. Seymour Greene."

"Ah, yes. You'd be our new engineer, hm?" He checked his watch. "You're a tad late, Greene. Tomorrow I expect to see..."

Bolchetzky's eyes wandered off to the ceiling and seemed to shut down. Seymour waited for him to finish his sentence. He waited some more. He turned to see what the man was staring at and didn't.

"Ahh. ...Sir?"

Bolchetzky's eyes lost their glaze and he harumphed. "Well, shall we get to work, Greene?"

"Seymour, sir. Yes."

"More what?"

"Seymour. Call me Seymour."

"Right." Bolchetzky opened a door and invited Seymour in.

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This page for doodles.

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III.

As he stepped through the door, a wondrous sight met Seymour's eyes. Before him was one of the best-equipped polymer labs he had ever seen. It even had a new Polydistildripulatizimation machine.

"Here we are, my boy. Here you will find all of the tools needed for our research. But first we need to set you up."

After introducing Seymour to the lab's current occupants, Bolchetzky instructed one of them to raget Seymour down to personnel.

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Seymour spent much of the morning filling out forms and other supposedly necessary bits of paperwork. He was also assigned an employee's badge bearing a hideous photograph, some meaningless identification numbers, and a large barcode.

Later, he was led to the men's room, handed a small jar, and instructed by the company nurse to fill it.

Confused, he thought, "Must be some intelligence test," as he went to the sink and filled it with water. He got a terrible scowl and a great deal of verbal abuse out of her when he returned.

Finally, about lunch time, they sent him

back up to the lab. He
was feeling terribly
hungry and tired.

"Mumfph! Your boak!"
said his boss through a
mouthful of cold
lasagna. The R & D
crew was on their
break. "Haff fum."

Seymour sat down and
wolfed it down, ignoring
the fact that Italian food

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gave him a bad time. He finished feeling much better,
though still rather sleepy.

"We've been working on designing a better air
seal around the edges of the plastic panels that form
our beach ball. Any ideas, Seymour?"

Seymour grabbed a piece of the plastic material
and pondered. "Hmmm. Well, yes. I think we could
impregnate it with a solvent while it is under pressure
and at 400 degrees. That should fuse the panels well
enough."

"We tried that once before. You think you can
come up with the right solvent?" Dr. Bolchetzky
asked.

"Yah. Give me a little while to work on it."

"Ok. Well, I and the rest of the guys are going to
visit International Plastics to look into some new
materials. Meanwhile, we'll leave you to work on it.
Good Luck!"

Dr. Bolchetzky and the rest of the R & D crew
filed out of the room and could be heard walking down
the hallway. Seymour sat down at one of the lab
benches and started writing down some equations.

"My, it feels good to sit here," he thought. "I'll bet
it would be really comfortable to fold my arms like this
and lay my head down like this and... and then..."

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Seymour dreamed a wonderful little dream. It
involved diving into a vat filled with chocolate and
scantily-clad women. It ended abruptly when he
slipped off of his stool.

Dazed and hurt, he got back up and resumed
working. Again, his eyelids drooped. "No. I've GOT to

work on this," he thought. His thoughts drifted back to the women in the vat, one of whom he was really hitting it off with.

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He dozed back to sleep. This time, the women were nowhere to be found, and he had this disgusting little multi-headed creature following him about, asking if he'd like to play a quick game of cards.

"No," he would tell it, "I'm looking for someone."

The little creature suddenly morphed into something vaguely resembling Morgan Fairchild, except for some interesting anatomical rearrangements.

"You mean like this?" it asked.

Seymour woke in a cold sweat. "It must be the lasagna," he thought. He really wanted to resume the first dream, but he couldn't. He was torn between manipulating more chemical equations and going back to sleep.

"I will do MUCH better work when I'm well-rested," he rationalized.

Seymour went back to sleep. He did indeed dream again. He caught a quick glimpse of the women, this time bathing some kind of pudding, but they suddenly disappeared. He was alone in a barren dreamscape.

He tried running in a direction. Nothing. He tried another direction. Nothing. He sat and whimpered, wishing he could wake up.

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Off in the distance, he heard a faint sound, There was a dot on the horizon. He got up and ran frantically toward it. As he got closer, he could make out a faint "boing!..boing!boing!" sound, and he began to make out details of what looked like a tall, stone building. He stopped to analyse the situation.

"What the hell IS that?" he wondered. The building had very odd dimensions. It was 24 stories tall, a couple hundred meters long, but only a few meters thick. Even more striking, its faces had no perceptible walls.

Before he had a chance to come to any conclusions about it, about it, he blinked and found himself standing in it.

"Oh, nooo."

He heard that bouncing sound again. It was getting louder. And louder. Shortly, a black and green ball with large, sharp fangs sailed into view.

Seymour had no idea what to do.....

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IV.
PLAY BOING! THE GAME HERE.
IF YOU WON, CONTINUE READING.

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This page for doodles.

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V.

With a startle and a gasp, Seymour awoke. He was standing in front of the lab bench with a pencil in his hand. Wild scribbles covered his worksheet. Dr. Bolchetzky and the rest stood in the doorway, staring at him.

With obvious concern in his eyes, Dr. Bolchetzky approached the bench. "Let's see what you have done, my boy."

He picked up the notebook and stared at it. Seymour, still recovering, put down the pencil and sighed. "This is it," he thought, "I'll be sacked."

Dr. Bolchetzky flipped through several pages of Seymour's scribbling. "Ah-huh....Hmm....Yes.... Well." He periodically looked up at Seymour, who began to collect his thoughts.

Bolchetzky tossed the notebook on the table. "I've got to tell you Greene..."

"Greene...He called me Greene," Seymour mused dejectedly.

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"That's a fine piece of work. I think we can do it." I'll send your specs down to the fabrication this afternoon and we'll see what comes of it." Bolchetzky patted him on the back.

This was not
what Seymour
expected. He
looked at the page.
To his immense
surprise, it contained
a long sequence of
equations
representing a new
bonding technique.

"I can see
we've got a
dedicated engineer
with you, Seymour.
Not many people
would work through
the night on their
first day." Dr. Bolchetzky said.

"Through the...! You mean it's tomorrow? I mean
today? I mean..." Seymour sputtered. He looked at
his watch. He had gone to sleep 20 hours before.

"We can take it from here, Seymour. Why don't
you go home and get some sleep."

Seymour remembered his nightmare. "I think not,
Sir."

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This page for doodles.

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GAME & EDITOR INSTRUCTIONS

Boing! The Game Copyright
1989,1990 by Kevin Kelm and
Alternate Realities.
Distributed by Micro Momentum, Inc.

Boing! The Game is written in dedication to the
first Amiga demo program, Boing! The Demo.
Remember it? The big checkered ball bouncing in
stereo, much to the amazement of everyone? Yah,
that one. Boing! The Demo was written long ago by
three of the original Amiga Gurus: Sam Dicker, Dal
Luck, and =RJ= Mical. Thanks go to Dale Luck for
permission to use the name "Boing! The Game."

GAME PLAY

Game play is very simple, really...normally the
controls are no more complex than those of Pac-Man.
Plug a digital joystick into port 2.

To start a game, simply insert the disk labelled "Boing! The Game" and reboot your Amiga.

Watch the introduction until the word "Boing! bounces on the screen.

To start the game, press the FIRE button on your joystick.

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ACTUAL GAMEPLAY

The game centers around Seymour Greene, a plastics engineer at a beach ball company.

There are two "critters" in his world: the good, red-and-white-checkered Boing! balls, which he is to collect for points, and the evil, black-and-green-checkered balls, which for some reason not explained by modern science, are ravenously hungry. For Seymour, His only defense is to find a large needle and poke a bad ball with it, after which the needle is ruined. Listed below are the controls:

P Key:Pause the game. From here, pressing either ESCape or the FIRE button will return you to game play.

ESCape:Kills Seymour. If he is on the initial screen, the game is immediately ended. If he is on another screen, then:If he is EXACTLY where he entered the screen, he is returned to the initial screen. If not, he is returned to where he entered the screen. The reason for this is that Seymour can easily get into unsolvable trouble, and losing a life is sometimes preferable to losing the whole game.

LEFT:Moves Seymour left,where possible. He cannot jump or fall off the end of a floor.

RIGHT:Moves him right, where possible.

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UP: One of two things. If can climb a ladder, he will move up. If not, then he will perform some operation (possibly (NONE), depending on what he is standing in front of. See below for more info.

DOWN:If Seymour can climb down a ladder or slide down a pole, he will do so when you press down. If not, he will "duck" down a bit. This can be useful in avavoiding evil balls.

And that's it for control! Now we will go through the kinds of things in his world. They are drawn below in no particular order:

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If you fall through a crumbling floor or a disappearing floor, you will continue to fall until Seymour:

A)Lands on another floor, B)is killed along the way by something, C)Hits the bottom of the screen. If it is possible to fall into the screen below, he will. If not, Seymour dies.

THE SCORE BAR

From left to right, the numbers are:

LEVEL-NUMBER LIVES-LEFT SCORE SCORING

- 1) Catch a good Boing! ball.....10 pts.
- 2) Pop an evil ball with a needle.....25 pts.
- 3) Exit a level.....100 pts.

Every 1000 points, you get an extra life. If you get every point possible in a level, you are designated a MASTER of that level, and if your score is high enough to get on the high scores list, it will say "MASTER".

THE GAME EDITOR

Use the game editor to create your own Boing! game levels. To start things rolling, insert an INITIALIZED, BLANK AmigaDOS Disk in DF0: and

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select the menu, Create Game. This will setup the disk as a Boing! Data Disk.

Next, using the mouse, select image blocks from the menu on the bottom and place them in the screen to create floors, ladders, etc. Use the red arrow gadgets on the bottom to move from screen to screen, and the menu "Go To Level" to select which level you want to visit.

Clicking on the three color gadgets in the middle of the menu let you change the colors for the current room.

In the lower right corner of the template gadgets you will find a question mark. This is the "query" gadget. Select it and click on any square in the current room and if there is information about that square that is not plainly obvious, the editor will tell you about it. Doing this to flames and balls will let you modify their characteristics.

Following are some guideline about Boing! game creation:

-Avoid putting more than 5 balls in any one screen.

-Be sure to provide at least one exit for each level.

-Don't forget to place the player in the level. You may put more than one image of the player in the level, but only the bottom-right-most one (in the whole level) will be used.

-For best results, be sure that it is possible to make it through the level without dying.

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-Also be sure that it is possible to MASTER the level without dying.

-ALWAYS ALWAYS save each level to disk before exiting or moving on to the next. If you do not, your changes will be lost.

-The system game levels (those included) are not editable.

BOING! EDITOR MENUS

STUFF

About: Tells about the editor and Boing!

Exit: Exits the editor

GAME

Change Disk: Allows the user to switch game disks being edited.

Create: Turns the blank, formatted disk in drive DF0: into a valid Boing! game disk. If there is already Boing! data on that disk, IT WILL BE ERASED!

LEVEL

New: Erases all information in the current level back to floor plans. This occurs only in memory; the disk is not affected.

Goto: Jumps from the current level to another level on the same disk. If changes have been made but not saved, they are lost.

Save to disk: Saves the current level to disk.

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ROOM

New: Erases all information in the current room of the current level, but does not affect the disk. Any changes made before to this room are lost.

Save to buffer: Save the current room and its colors to the buffer.

Get from buffer: Sets the current room to the

contents of the buffer.

DOCS typed by the nimble fingers of /'Valkyrie